

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY GAVIS & TRIMMIER.

Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany.

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## THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY GAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

### THE HEROINE OF TYROL.

[Translated for Charleston Courier from the French.]

I was an officer in the service of Bavaria, when in 1806 I was sent into Tyrol, which came to be incorporated into that kingdom. My regiment formed part of the garrison of Trent, where I remained until 1809. The latter part of my journey here, was marked by an event of which I shall ever preserve the remembrance.

The Bavarian dominion was not regarded with a favorable eye by the Tyroleans, and our position in the country was not very agreeable. The inhabitants of Trent and its environs exhibited towards us an extreme froideur, and if by chance they deigned to notice us, it was only to seek a quarrel to show their extreme aversion.

I need not say that this manner of living became singularly disagreeable to young officers greedy of pleasure, and how they were envied by the life of a garrison. So one day after a repast, a little more copious and gay than usual, two or three of the most adventurous among us, proposed to present ourselves, without being invited, to a soiree which was to be given at a house in the country, about half a league from the city. This project was received with acclamation, and notwithstanding the grave remonstrances of some of the wise heads of the regiment, it was decided that the soiree should be given at the house of the elite of the corps of the light dragoons of the Bavarian Majesty.

We had all abandoned ourselves to a boisterous joy, which excited in us the idea of presenting ourselves at a Tyrolean assembly. On our arrival at the door of the chateau, the domestic struck with surprise, had scarcely time to announce us when we penetrated into the grand saloon, which was filled with a society as brilliant as we could have found even at Munich. But what overwhelmed us with confusion, was to see the master of the house approach with an air the most polite, and begged us to be seated. We were prepared for anything but a reception of this kind; and as we presented a most pitiable figure, we were too happy that one among us had the presence of mind to extricate us from such a difficulty. He asked pardon with an air of frankness, for the indiscretion we had committed, excused us on the money of our existence—prayed the ladies to have the goodness to intercede for us, and succeeded in this manner to establish between the host of the chateau and ourselves an appearance of cordiality.

Among the great number of ladies there, there was one who particularly attracted me. She was very pretty; her sweet and spiritual physiognomy, joined, altogether, with her manners, compelled me to give her all my attention; and the pretty Dorothee repulsed not my advances.

Every one appeared courteous and agreeable, with the exception of one individual. His name was Rusek; his gloomy air and shrewd features, more Italian than German, formed a striking contrast to the frank and smiling face of Dorothee. In truth, it was difficult to imagine that anything could exist in common between two persons so opposite in appearance. However, I remarked that the more my familiarity with Dorothee increased, the deeper became the sinister countenance of Rusek.

Dorothee could not but observe this change, and when it had become so evident as not to be mistaken, she approached him and endeavored, by a thousand little flatter, ing arts, to restore his good humor. This certainly resembled love, and the strange suspicion that arose in my heart was confirmed by some one who said to me—Prenes gare, you will draw on yourself the vengeance of Rusek, if you continue to play the gallant near his fiancée.

These words caused me to examine the two more closely, and what appeared so inexplicable was, that the quiet and agitated manners of Dorothee seemed more inspired by fear than love. The position, however, in which she stood with regard to Rusek did not prevent me from offering to conduct her home; this she refused, but with an amiable smile. Feeling it was not my duty to press her, I bowed and left, in order to make a tour through the saloons. When I returned to the place where Dorothee was seated, I was surprised to find her still alone, with evident perplexity painted on her face.

Captain Lieber, said she, on perceiving me in a tone of affected gravity, I fear you will think me capricious; but if you will repeat the offer now that you made me I will accept it.

The night was dark and the roads deserted. The domestic preceded us with a torch, by the rays of which I saw that the features of my companion were pensive and abstracted. And to all the efforts I made to engage her in conversation, she only replied by monosyllables, until suddenly she exclaimed:

Captain Lieber, I am near my house; I have nothing more to fear; but for you, who are a Bavarian, (I thought I remarked a smothered sigh as she pronounced this word,) it is not well for you to be seen here. I therefore conjure you to return quickly and quietly as possible to your home, and forget a weakness on my part which would perhaps have caused you some danger.

She pronounced these words in a very grave but low voice, and in order to give them more force, she pressed my arm with a marked attention. This movement penetrated to the bottom of my heart; but it had an effect quite different from what she had intended it, for it determined me more firmly to accompany her to her door.

On arriving at the chateau, we found it enveloped in silence and darkness; but Dorothee, striking on a window, it was opened softly. She whispered a few words to some one, and they brought her a long cloak and slouched hat.

Take this, said she to me; disguise is, perhaps, necessary at present; by this means you will perhaps conceal your cap and your uniform. What can we fear? said I, a little astonished; the Bavarians and the Tyroleans form but at present the same people; we are not at war—and your countrymen themselves will end in loving a government which establishes among them the order and submission which is just and lawful.

The justness and lawfulness, said the amiable rebel, proceeds neither from the sword nor the pen, and it can be neither the result of a battle nor a treaty of peace. And from what does it proceed, then?

Love of the people consecrated by time. But I ought not to discuss with you, added she with a smile; all I desire at present is, a good night; and I hope you will not negligently abstain from the counsel I have given you.

My only response was enveloping myself in the ample folds of the cloak; and, carrying the pretty hand of Dorothee to my lips, I said to her:

You are obeyed, but before I depart, tell me, dear Dorothee, if you are really the betrothed of this dark and gloomy Rusek. Yes! Not replied she, and breaking off the conversation suddenly, she precipitously entered the house.

I left the residence of the amiable Tyrolean, filled with a vague sensation of hope, and put myself en route for home.

For some time my imagination formed the most pleasant dreams of happiness; but finally the obscurity of the road I followed, compelled me to think of objects which surrounded me. I thought I could distinguish faint lights from the little village of Trent, and I advanced rapidly, but with precaution, when I met suddenly a human figure, covered, as myself, with a cloak, who glided noiselessly into the shade. I stopped, and listened; but the figure had disappeared. My surprise was extreme, and it was increased when I heard a voice behind me murmur softly these words:

Is it time?

Disguising my voice, by an instinct of which I did not believe myself capable, I replied:

It is time to be lying warmly in one's bed, my friend!

At these words, the unknown glided away without saying anything.

This circumstance, joined to all I had heard in the evening, appeared to me the more suspicious, as I thought in the voice I recognized that of Rusek. Grasping the handle of my sword, I left the main route and entered a cross road; this, it is true, took me greatly out of my way, but by this means I was able to shelter myself from an ambush. This by-path conducted to the ruins of an old convent. When I arrived here, I resolved to stand sentry for some moments, and to ignore the place before entering the valley which extended before me. I walked cautiously among the ruins, when, suddenly, I perceived a man leaning with his arms crossed upon a parapet. He was evidently dressed for he started on hearing some one approach from an opposite side, and address to him the words that had been addressed to me.

Est il temps?

The voice was certainly that of Rusek. The form of the parapet replied:

Salut!

Has he passed before you? demanded Rusek.

Not a mouse could have passed before me without my seeing it, replied the watchful sentinel; how could a cursed Bavarian do it?

Return then with me to the highway, and we shall be in time; for he cannot stay much longer—and, moreover, we shall be far from the city, and that will be better.

The conspirators, for I doubted no longer their being such, retired, and as soon as the sound of their steps was lost in the distance, I issued from my retreat, and hastened to return to my quarters.

After the adventures of that evening, some time elapsed without my being able to obtain a second interview with Dorothee. During the interval, I received one evening an order to escort, with my company, an *écuyer d'argent* which had come to Botzen.

As I passed before the chateau of her father, I determined, at all hazards, to see again the object which filled my thoughts night and day. I ordered my lieutenant to go and wait for me at a village further on, and walking on, I entered a winding path-way that conducted me to the great door of the castle. I found it open, and was on the point of presenting myself in the saloon without being announced, when I suddenly started, and remained immovable on hearing the disagreeable voice of Rusek, who said to a person whom I could not see—

To-morrow evening, then, in the chateau do Salurne!

It is agreed on, replied another voice; but stop—listen to me!

That voice was Dorothee's.

I cannot express all the thoughts that passed at this moment through my mind, and all the sensations I experienced; it was a mixture of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation. When entire consciousness returned to me, I found myself run-

ning at a great rate on the road, to rejoin my company.

On our return in the evening, the day after, I changed the cantonments of my troops, to whom I ordered some billets of the village of Salurne, and after attending to the installation of the men and horses, I crossed a wild and fearful ravine, which seemed placed there by nature to defend the approaches of the old chateau do Salurne, that elevated itself on the summit of a lofty rock. Its towers were still gilded with the rays of the setting sun, whilst all beneath was buried in silence and darkness. I had never yet seen these antique ruins in so favorably a light. I therefore remained for some time absorbed in contemplation. But I was drawn from my reveries by a sudden appearance of a young man, who leaped from rock to rock with incredible agility. I was in the act of taking off my uniform, to avoid all insult from the peasant, and to examine the maneuver of the shepherd without fearing anything, should he be followed by any of his comrades; when he passed before me with the greatest rapidity, and in going he threw on the ground a small piece of paper which he took from a basket that hung on his arm. I hastened to examine this paper, but it only contained these enigmatical words: "Il est temps!"

I endeavored to devise the meaning of these words. It was evident they were in answer to the question I had heard made of Rusek. Although the Tyroleans were not generally well disposed toward their new masters, they had never exhibited any indication of open and organized hostility. In the meanwhile, as my suspicions gave importance to things which otherwise would have escaped me, I recollected that for some time I had remarked groups of persons conversing mysteriously and with an inquiet air. One time, particularly, I saw a considerable crowd, with their eyes fixed on the Chateau do Salurne; but from these vague circumstances I could draw no conclusion.

What was to be done? In the first place, I felt greatly disposed to return to the village and put my troops under arms; but it was impossible for me to resist the desire of discovering if Rusek and Dorothee were to be seen in this place. I resolved to have my doubts cleared on the subject, and return afterwards to Salurne and Trent, in order to take the necessary precaution.

In consequence, I continued my route without diminishing my pace, notwithstanding the difficulty attending a cross road filled with rocks and ravines, when at last I saw myself at the foot of the enormous rock upon which the chateau was situated; I was yet to find the rugged staircase by which I could ascend. Night came on gradually while I was endeavoring to make this discovery. It would be impossible to describe my sensations at this moment.

It was not long before my ear recognized the voice of Rusek, which proceeded from behind a point of rock. Favored by the darkness, I crept to that side, and had scarcely doubled the point, when, by the feeble rays of a lantern, I perceived three figures; they were those of Rusek, Dorothee, and another woman whom I had not yet seen. By the same light I was permitted to gain a place from whence I could at least hear what was said.

All three were silent for some time, and, by the flickering light, their forms resembled statues of marble.

Listen to me, at last said Rusek, in a harsh, angry voice. It is necessary we should understand each other. You know that I am not a Tyrolean. I have no personal interest to kindle the fire of a war in this unhappy country. Far from that. The projects of commerce which I myself have devised here, can only flourish in the bosom of peace and tranquillity. If I enter into the conspiracy—if I cast in the balance all the weight of my riches, my influence, and my credit—I must be assured of my recompense. Pronounce then the decisive word, Dorothee; say that to-morrow you will be my wife; speak clearly and firmly, for I am to be played with no longer, and above all, \* \* \* \* \* not here. At that moment I darted to the summit of the rock, but without being perceived.

It was sometime before Dorothee replied, and when she did her accents were so low and trembling I could not distinguish what she said.

She has consented, said the other woman—mounted down at dusk on her horse.

It is useless to describe the effect that this scene had upon me.

The actors moved away, and I followed their steps in secret. I saw the lantern mount the rock. Its position having permitted me to distinguish the way, without hesitating a moment I decided to mount in my turn. The steps by which I ascended were almost perpendicular, slippery and dangerous; nevertheless my feet placed themselves as by instinct in the cavities of the rock. By degrees I drew near the lantern, for my strength was coming double by that feeling of rage which man cannot help feeling when he sees a mortal enemy in his power. Immediately above extended a platform, which formed the tower of the edifice. It was here I confronted my rival.

Hearing a step behind him he turned with a surprised air. I rushed upon him and grasped him by the throat.

Jesus Maria! exclaimed he, endeavoring with a convulsive movement to seize me. Is it not time?

Yes, said I, it is time.

At that moment, the light of the lantern shone upon my features—at the sight of which his own expressed a mixture of joy and horror.

In the name of the King, I arrest you as a traitor—do you consent to become my prisoner?

Never! exclaimed he.

In that case you must die, said I; and collecting all my strength, I endeavored to drag him towards the precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we contended for several minutes, suspended above the abyss. The ruffian of various passions strengthened the vigor of my

arm. My personal antipathy for this man—my attachment for my King—my love for Dorothee—animated me at the same time; but my adversary had great strength of muscle, and I know not what would have been the issue of the combat, if he had not have let go at that moment to draw his dagger. This movement was fatal to him. In the exercise of gymnastics, to which we had devoted ourselves in our leisure moments at the garrison, I was more expert at the wrestle than any of my comrades. And to this I was more indebted for my good fortune; for at the instant that Rusek loosened his hold on me, I placed my feet between his own and threw him over the precipice. He fell, uttering a piercing cry, on a mass of rocks. I stood a moment, as if petrified; and as soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I hastened to descend the rugged stair-way, in order to see if my victim still lived. On arriving at the place where he had fallen, I found Dorothee and her companion kneeling in mute horror by the immovable corpse of Rusek.

You here, Captain! exclaimed Dorothee—just heaven! is it a dream!

Let us regard it henceforth as such, replied I; you at least are to take no part in this scene of crime and of death.

She remained silent, and kneeling down, she detached the lamp, which was still burning, from the breast of Rusek.

Leave me, leave me, Captain Lieber, at last she said. I must go and fulfill a sacred duty. Since poor Rusek is no more, it is for me to accomplish what he began.

Dorothee! exclaimed I, this language is not dictated by reason. You are too agitated at this moment to reflect on what you say. Do you know what you purposed? You will betray, perhaps deliver up to death, the unfortunate one whom you pretend to love.

Never, by heaven! not a word, not a look will betray her.

But there can be other evidences, and—she stopped a moment, then replied:

In the middle of the tower of the chateau are laid certain papers, which I have determined to destroy by the flame of this lamp; until they are consumed I shall be a prey to the most frightful inquietude.

If that is all, I can do it. Give me the lamp.

You, Captain! She trembled in pronouncing these words.

Ma chère Dorothee, hesitate no longer! time presses. The young girl wrung her hands and wept.

You fear, perhaps, continued I, without scarcely knowing what I said, that I will examine these papers, and disclose what they contain.

I vow that is my fear, replied she, with hesitation.

Do you wish me to swear that I will not look at them?

No—but promise me, on your honor, by your love for me, that when you arrive at the top of the tower, and find these papers on the stone table, you will burn them, without seeking to know the contents; and that you will not quit the tower until they are reduced to ashes. Will you promise me?

I promise you, on the faith of a soldier!

The adventure of that evening might have thrown my mind in a kind of chaos. I was at that moment incapable of all coherent reflection—and the feeling that predominated in me was a hope of finally obtaining the heart and hand of Dorothee.

I took the lamp from the trembling hands of that heroic girl, and climbed again the rocks which conducted to the platform.

I arrived here without accident, but I must confess I experienced a feeling of giddiness in passing the place where the unfortunate Rusek had been precipitated. I threaded with difficulty a way filled with rubbish, and attained the foot of the ruined tower. Here I had yet to mount a winding and dilapidated staircase, and was almost exhausted with fatigue when I arrived at the summit. The freshness of the air, however, revived me, and I found the mysterious papers on the stone indicated.

Faithful to my promise, I averted my eyes as I held them to the lamp. But they were apparently wet, for they did not take fire immediately, and I was obliged immediately to cast my eyes upon the stone, and to my great surprise I saw the papers were white.

A mortal coldness crept through my veins as I made this discovery. But the papers were now lighted, and emitted several sparks, as it were of gunpowder. Then presently an enormous column of blue flame elevated itself far in the heavens.

My thoughts returned to me at the instant, and the entire truth rushed upon me. By a sudden impulse, and a supernatural strength, I tore the stone from the wall, and cast it in the abyss; but it was too late. The signal was given. From the summit of each mountain, far and near, fires elevated themselves, and lurid flames simultaneously in the air—resembling so many infernal spirits replying to each other in the midst of darkness.

Immediately after, I heard the drums of the infantry—and the trumpeets of the dragoons—then followed the fire of the platoons—and the discharges of artillery, which were reverberated on all sides by the mountains.

I have not the least recollection of how I descended the tower—then the road—and my being near Dorothee, who held her arms to me. I ran as one bereft of reason to the village. Alas! I arrived there only to see my brave soldiers surrounded and cut in pieces by the armed peasantry—while every where re-echoed the cry: Il est temps.

On that fatal night Tyrol was lost to Bavaria.

I fell struck by a ball. And when, after long suffering, I was restored to consciousness, and was in a state to comprehend what was passing around me, I learnt that all the mountainous countries had been restored under the dominion of Austria; and

recognised in the amiable nurse, who watched by me, the courageous and patriotic Dorothee.

Soon hostilities having ceased—and national jealousy existing no longer among us, I had the happiness of obtaining the hand of that heroic woman.

A Capital Story.

Some years since, an eccentric old gentleman, whom for convenience we will call Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found on the morning of going out to his work that the well had essentially enlivened and that the well had

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## English Press on the New Labor Project.

The morning paper established by Mr. Charles Dickens, which has always been marked by liberal tendencies, draws attention to what it calls a new phase of the slave trade. The French government, according to this authority, has entered into a contract with a mercantile house at Marseilles for the supply of 10,000 blacks to Guadeloupe and Martinique, and this contract, it is alleged, has been signed by the French Minister of Marine and Foreign Affairs, and the head of the Marseilles firm. The date of the contract is given—the 13th of March last. The stipulations are, that within three years, and, if possible, in less time, 5,000 Africans are to be sent to Guadeloupe and the same number to Martinique, who are to be engaged for ten years at the wages of twelve francs and fifty centimes a month, out of which the negro will have to pay the cost of his outfit, at the rate of two francs a month. Large steam vessels are to be employed in conveying the negroes from Africa to the French settlements, the proprietors to receive £20 per head for the passage. One steamer, it is alleged, has already sailed. Our contemporary regards this as the revival of a new slave trade. "So far," it says, "no restrictions whatever are placed on the contractors; they have the entire coast of Western Africa, except, of course, the British settlements, to operate upon; they may obtain the blacks whence and how they can; all that the French government cares for is the arrival of the 10,000 in the Colonies, where they are to be condemned to labor for ten years, at wages less for a month than the current value of work for a week in the adjoining British possessions." It is this a revival of the slave trade, we can only say that we heartily wish the British government would follow the example which has been set by the Emperor of the French. If the proprietors of estates in our tropical Colonies were allowed the same privileges, we should soon see the revival of prosperity in the West Indies—more sugar, cotton, coffee, everything, in short, that the people want at home, while the condition of the African himself would be amazingly improved as compared with the barbarous and benighted state in which he is found on his own native soil. At present our unfortunate Colonists are compelled to bring their emigrants at an enormous cost from the East Indies. And the frightful scenes and mortality during the voyage exceed anything we used to read respecting the horrors of the middle passage.

The Propagation of Fish.

It appears to us, that this country is sadly behind hand in relation to the modern experiment of raising fish. The French and the Germans have gone to work in earnest, and thus immense quantities of fish are produced in natural as well as artificial ponds. The Legislature of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio and New Hampshire have appointed special committees to investigate the subject, and report facts. We have recently read the report made to the Massachusetts and Connecticut Legislatures, and some portions of Garlick's Treatise on artificial propagation of certain kinds of fish. The conclusion arrived at by these reports is, that the trout, pickerel, yellow perch, the sun-fish and eel can be easily and profitably propagated and raised in water adapted to their peculiar natures.

The Dicks and Schuyler Journal says, "that the trout, the most beautiful of fish, might readily be raised by every farmer whose grounds are supplied with a clear and cool spring. A farmer in Franklin County has for several years raised one hundred pounds per annum for family use. A greater and more healthy luxury for the table cannot be found. A spring of clear water issues from the hillsides, some thirty feet in depth or thirty feet in length. Some portions of each pond is provided with a sandy bottom at a shallow depth. The size of the stream is so small that you can see the smallest trout can pass from one pond to the other. He usually feeds his stock during the summer season every morning, furnishing them with the common angle-worm, grasshoppers, garden worms, minced meat and corn bread, the rapidity of their growth depends on the abundance of the supply furnished."

The pickerel and perch, regarded by many quite as respectable as the trout, can be raised in less cool and transparent water than the trout. The pickerel is a bold biter and a hard worker, during fish. The perch is a hardy fellow, perfectly adapted to sluggish waters, and as a table fish ranks very fair, particularly in winter and spring.

In China for centuries the propagation of fish has been a common and well understood art. Our people are not compelled to imitate the Chiese in procuring the means of subsistence, but we believe the rearing of choice fish for the table can, to a certain extent, be made an agreeable and profitable business by those having the ownership of clear and cool waters.

[Baltimore American.]

POPULAR FRAGRANCE.—A modern writer, satirizing the endeavors of the papist to meet the false taste of the day, which, instead of hungering and thirsting after righteousness, craves for what is called "the bland manure of Christianity," delivers himself of the following:

"What a curious production would a chemical analysis of many latter-day sermons furnish! Somewhat like this: I part Bible; 5 parts logic, badly kneaded; 20 parts city milk; 14 parts attic of roses; 60 parts yeast. Now, this is a nice mixture to feed immortality on. It couldn't live a day on such food."

"You make trade your religion," said Dr. Warburton, the prelate, to Don Tucker, the economist. "And you make religion your trade," replied Tucker.

## A Droye of Irish Bulls.

The following piece of "composition," says the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript, may be "bucked" against anything ever produced. It was written half a century ago by Sir Doyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament. "The Troubled Times of Ninety-Eight," when a handful of men from the county of Wexford struck terror into the hearts of many gallant sons of Mars, as well as the worthy writer himself. The letter was addressed to a friend in London, and it is old enough to be new to nine out of ten of our readers:

My Dear Sir: Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down and inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other.

I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present, there are such goings on that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it until this morning. Indeed, scarce a mail arrives without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mail from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been judiciously left behind, for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes.

Immediately every man in the place, including men, women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and began to be all alive again. Fortunately the rebels had no guns except pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in adjacent bogs; and in a very short time nothing was heard but silence. The uniforms were all of different colors, but mostly green. After the action, we went to rummage a sort of camp which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have been miscarried, therefore I beg you will write and let me know.

Advertising.—The St. Louis Republican, in concluding a congratulatory notice of its prosperity and success, says of advertising: "The truth is, advertising has become a great feature in the business of the country. No merchant can better understand this than those who engage in it most extensively. The prominent advertisements of our fancy goods dealers, and of our whole-sale merchants, spread all over these pages, best attest the estimation in which they hold it. If they can in this way secure a reading by tens of thousands of persons every day, this is just what they want. If they can by so easy a process and so cheap a cost attract hundreds of buyers to their counters every day, what matters it to them that they pay a few dollars for doing it. But the merchants are not the only persons benefited by advertising. Every one who has anything to sell or buy—every one who engages in any business whatever—now resorts to the newspapers to communicate with the public. As a matter of course, every man in search of a particular object or thing, looks to the advertising columns of a newspaper to find it; and if there be any one so stupid as not to read these columns, he will never keep up with his neighbors or the progress of the age."

It is told of General Zachary Taylor that when Major Bliss brought him Santa Anna's despatch, proposing that the American army should surrender without further ceremony, the general, who at that moment was busy writing a private letter on his camp chest, replied, without so much as looking up, as his work, "Tell him to go to—!" naming a well-known southern gentleman except by hard swearing and cursing.

"But," remonstrated the gallant major, "that does not strike me as appropriate language to use in a case of this sort—it's a formal, official despatch, and requires, I suppose, a written answer." "Tell him to go to—!" reiterated the general, calmly—"put it in proper diplomatic phrase and all that sort of thing, according to your own taste—but that is my answer."

TRIMMING GRAPE VINES.—For many years we have raised grapes by the bush from a single vine, and our trimming is done in the following manner: The first week in July we commence and cut back to the second leaf or bud of the present season's growth. Have a sharp knife and trim a portion every day, (a little at a time,) until the whole vine has been gone over. Autumn, winter and spring pruning are avoided; but we have large, nice, smooth grapes in abundance.—Germania Telegraph.

A CHAMBERLAIN'S COUNTRY.—A large portion of the swamps of Florida is said to be capable of producing 500 bushels of frogs to the acre, with alligators enough for fencing. An emigrant wandering there in search of neighbors would soon meet a settler.

Mirabeau said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that God created him only to show to what extent the human skin would stretch without breaking.